The Fair Maid of *Dunſmore's* Lamentation:

Occaſioned by Lord *Wigmore*, once Governour of Warwick-Caſtle.

Being a full and true Relation, how Lord *Wigmore* enticed the fair *Iſabel* of *Dunſmore*, in *Warwick-ſhire*, a Shepherds daughter, to his Bed; ſhe afterwards perceiving her ſelf to be with child by him, rather than ſhe would undergo the vulgar diſgrace amongſt her Friends, did ſtab her ſelf, and dyed immediately. *Tune of*, Troy Town. With Allowance.

ALL you that e'er heard the Name
of Wigmore that renowned Lord,
Who once had gain'd a Glorious Fame,
but loſt it of his own accord,
A luſtful love did cauſe her woe,
Which did his Honour overthrow.

The King had made him Governour,
of Warwick-caſtle where he dwelt,
Not long, but quickly heard of her,
whoſe name to name my heart doth melt:
A luſtful love, &c.

Fair Iſabel they did her call,
a Shepherds Daughter fair and bright,
Which cauſ'd this man of might to fall
in love with her at the firſt ſight:
A luſtful love, &c.

Lord Wigmore on a Summers day,
with his own Servant walkt the field,
By a ſmall River they took their way,
whoſe murmuring currant did pleaſure yield,
But a luſtful love &c.

They had not walked very far,
but eaſily they might eſpye,
Fair Iſabels body to appear,
a waſhing of her ſelf juſt by:
A luſtful love, &c.

She in the ſilver Stream alone,
was waſhing of her milk-white ſkin,
But had ſhe her misfortunes known,
ſhe would not in that place have been:
A luſtful love, &c.

The more he lookt the more he lov'd,
till looking did for action call,
With flames of luſt his heart was mov'd,
to work her ruin and his fall.
A luſtful love, &c.

Thus viewing her with burning pain,
he could no longer there abide,
But to his caſtle returns again,
and there would fain his paſſion hide.
But luſtful love, &c.

But all in vain the more he ſtrove,
from love-ſick fancies to retire,
The more he burnt in luſtful love,
and Iſabel muſt quench the fire:
A luſtful love, &c.

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A [illegible] to bring her to him without [illegible],
Reſolving for to have his ends,
and quickly too, he could not ſtay,
A luſtful love, &c.
The Servant goes at his command,
and vows he will not be deny'd,
There did he eſpy fair Iſabel ſtand,
juſt dreſſed by the River ſide,
A luſtful love, &c.
The Servant told her courteouſly,
his Lord deſired her for to come,
For he muſt ſpeak with her inſtantly,
ſhe grants and went into his Room.
A luſtful love, &c.
Lord Wigmore fell upon his knees,
and beg,d to him ſhe would be kind,
Crying Iſabel my dear, none ſees,
bluſh not my ſweeteſt, love is blind.
A luſtful love, &c.
Her innocence was overcome,
oh pitty 'twas ſhe was beguild,
She afterwards returned home,
and from that time conceiv'd with child.
A luſtful love did cauſe her woe,
Which did his Honour overthrow.

Fair Iſabells mournful Recantation.

AT Dunſmore the fair Iſabel,
near unto Warwick that brave town,
There 'twas ſhe mournfully did dwell,
repenting what was yet unknown.
With ſighs ſhe cryes Heaven pitty me,
Lord Wigmore this is long of thee.
Quoth ſhe alas what ſhall I do,
or unto whom ſhall I make my moan,
Each day and hour increaſe my woe,
and yet I dare not make it known,
With ſighs, &c.
Oh, that I had ne'r been born,
and being born had dyed juſt then,
Each Virgin will hate me in ſcorn,
and ſhall be ſcoft'd by all young-men,
With ſighs, &c.
At ſix months end ſhe could perceive,
her belly ſwelled and big did grow,
The Babe within her womb did ſtrive,
and friends began the cauſe to know,
With ſighs, &c.
Poor Iſabel diſtreſt with grief,
laments her folly, but too late;
Inſtead of giving her Relief,
her friends do proſecute their hate,

But ſhe not able to endure,
their anger and her own diſgrace,
Reſolves to find a ſpeedy cure,
in ſome convenient private place,
With ſighs, &c.
With this ſad reſolution bent,
ſhe takes a Dagger in her hand,
'Twill make a heart of ſtone relent,
the truth of this to underſtand,
With ſighs, &c.
She prays that heaven would her forgive,
then to her heart her Dagger ſent,
And down ſhe dropt, let thoſe that live,
take care betimes, and all Repent,
At laſt ſhe cry'd, &c.
Lord Wigmore hearing of this,
he never more had quiet reſt,
His guilty heart did in him bleed,
and privately his ſins confeſt,
Fair Iſabel forgive, and I,
Will pine with ſorrow till I dye.
I muſt confeſs I did thee wrong,
and openly will it proclaim,
Let all young men that hear this ſong,
take care they ne'r commit the ſame.
Fair Iſabel, &c.
And when I am dead, and blood is cold,
to ſhew my dear I lov'd thee well;
One Tomb ſhall both our bodies hold,
ſuch is my love for Iſabel.
Fair Saint forgive my crime and I
Will pine with ſorrow till I dye.

FINIS.

Printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Th[illegible]